A PICK-TOOTH FOR THE PO[illegible]:

Or,

THE PA[illegible]ANS PATER-N[illegible]ER.

Set downe i[illegible]ue be-twixt a [illegible]nd

[illegible]ict

Tranſlated out [illegible]ch by S. I.S. and newly [illegible] and enlarged

by R.S

o the Reader.

t (for the preſent) I preſent,
d Reader, with my ſmall addition:
imitate is mine intent,
vermatch; were great ambition:
e it, not ſurpaſſe, for neither
will, dare pa:.lell my Father.

I can not reach unto it,
could, I will not enterpriſe it:
would, could, might, I dare not do it.

What ever power you give to your Pop
He may not make a man an *Ape*, I hop

R. S.

But, good Sir *Iohn*, before we further
Reſolve me this, ſince you aſſaile me ſo:
How, when, and where this Vicarage be
Vnto your Pope? I pray you briefly tell.

Prieſt.

Know you not? *Peter* when he went to R
He there was executed, which was his do
And in his laſter will and Legacie,
At *Rome* he left h[illegible] full Supremacie
Vnto the [illegible]pe[illegible]ich Lega[illegible] was given
By CHRI[illegible]r, t[illegible] *Peter*, w[illegible]
And to the P[illegible]

Pickpoo! for the Pope: &c.

r Pope doth merite no preferm[ent]
Iar[ ]man, *Peter* upper Garmen[t]
[ ]n, ye ſtrive to play the knave,
[ ]y *Peter* did receave
[ ]rom CHRIST, when this he ſpoke,
[ ]uild his Church upon that *Rock*:
[ ]ST had only founded
[ ]ch for ever to be grounde[d]
[ ]e Scripture is your whole pre[tence],
[ ]n ill or double ſenſe.
uilt his church on *Pet*[ ]re profeſſion
e ſolid *Rock* of his co[ ]ion
s CHRIST, which [ ]ndatio
[ ]mundatio

Your *Ave Marie* is not worth a plack, man.

Prieſt.

Thy Latine prayers are but generall heads,
Containing every ſpeciall that thou needs:
The Latine ſerves us for a Liturgie,
As Medciners direct the Chirurgie:
And in this language Maſſe is ſaid and ſung,
For private things pray in thy Mother tongue.

Pack-man.

Then muſt *I* have a tongue, *Sir Iohn*, for either
One for the Mother, another for the Father.

Prieſt.

Thinks thou the Mother doth not know ſmall things?
CHRIST is her Son man, and he tels her all.

Pack man.

Pack-man.

But, good Sir *Iohn*, ſpake all theſe Fathers Latine?
And ſayd they Maſſe in Surplices and Satine?
Could they ſpeak Latine long ere Latine grew?
And without Latine no Maſſe can be true.
And as for Hereticks that now tranſlate it,
Falſe miſcreants, they ſhame the Maſſe, and ſlate it.

Prieſt.

Well Pack-man, faith thou art too curious;
Thy ſpur-blind zeal, fervent, but furious:
Ere teach a whole Coven of Monkes,
Such a Pack-man with his Puritane ſpunks.
You muſt know, that can not be denyed,
Reign'd o'er all when Chriſt was crucifyed:
Ethnick then; but afterwards conver-

.d is the fineſt feather in his wi.g
hich makes him loath to quite ſuch trafiquying,
And ſo your Pope not only doth deny Chriſt,
But *Iudas* like, he ſels, and Papiſts buy Chriſt.
Yet ſuffer me Sir *Iohn*, for to relate
ome ordours of your Popiſh-Romane ſtate:
Firſt is your Pope, whom ſo your Clergie calls,
Next, are your Biſhops, and your Cardinalls,
Your Prelats, Preiſts, your Priors and your Patrons,
Your Monks at Maſſe, & Matines with your Matrõs
Your Abbots, Convents, and your chaſte Abeſſes;
Your Nunnies Nunes, your painted Prioreſſes.
Your Ieſuitiſh Ieſuites, your Friars,
So raiſde with raſours, and ſo ſhaven with ſhears:
Some of the order of *Dominican*;

If ſuch ſtiles were in CHRISTS or *Peters* dayes,
No, good Sir *Iohn*, I ſurely do ſuppoſe,
Like thoſe you ſhall finde either few or none.
¶ And yet, Sir *Iohn*, I'll ſhew you what a ſtorie
Your auncient Fathers tell of Purgatorie:
They do affirme that antichriſtian Cell,
To be a place next adjacent to hell:
Alike in paine, but not alike in caſe
Of the continuance of time and ſpace:
Wherein are ſouls for veniall ſins committed:
(For ſatisfying mortall ſins remitted,
Some ſouls are likewiſe for a time tormented)
Untill by prayers Gods ire be relented.
And the Confeſſion heereof is, as faith'ri
Your *Bellarmine*, a point of Catholick faith:
And ſo muſt be undoubtedly believed:

Or granted pardon for the greatest sin?
How many Nunces note we, he did nee
Through all the Nations that his Na
How many Friers ha
In sundrie sorts so shaven with
Was ever Peter so blasphemous him
As to take Holinesse unto his Nam
The Pope succeeds to Peter in
But in denialls, and no divine pl

R. S.

Poor Peter, onl CHRIST deny,
Once was too but soon hee did espy
How that he r forsworn his Master;
For w or did apply a plaster
To his sick Sou plac'd his grace thercin.

The foolish brain-sick birth of mans trad. ion:
And als the works of Supererogation,
With CHRISTS true merite, our sole consola on,
Denyes that CHRIST can be his only Saviour:
Can yee call this a Christian-like behaviour?
No, that yee can not, for we may espy all,
Such dealing is of CHRIST a flat denyall.
But this your Pope doth mishently maintaine,
That humane merite mercie must obtaine.
What humane merite meanes, I have no skill,
Go yee to Heaven by any meanes yee will:
I hope in GOD, that heaven I shall inherite,
Through CHRIS his only mercy-worthy merite.
Your Pope denyes his Lord without repentance,
For dayly profi e: and drawes r r the sentence
Of

When this life ends; my Ghoſt ſhall go to glorie.
Pocks on your preſuppoſed Purgatorie,
Infantum limbus, and your *limbus patrum*,
Whereout none comes, but by the *preces fratrum*,
(Yee ſay) and Maſſes ſaid for ſouls departed,
Whereby poor peviſh peoples pelf is parted
Amongſt your Cleargie; making them believe
Their ſillie ſouls they quickly ſhall relieve
Out of that paine: and as for them that pay moſt,
Creeds, *avees*, *paters*, *maſſe* they pray, and ſay moſt.
To make their ſayings ſure, they cite the Scripture
But falſely formed with a ragged rupture:
Of which, if yee would ſurely have a ſent,
Read *CartWright* againſt *Rhemes* New Teſtament,
The which to prove, how little they prevaile,
Read Doctour *Mortons* Proteſtant Appeale,
Where yee ſhall finde this purpoſe well diſputed,
And by them both right learnedly refuted.
It paſſeth papiſts power for to prove it,
The more I hear, the more I loath to love it.
So ſince, Sir *Iohn*, yee have no Scripture for it,
But meer alleadgences, I muſt abhorre it:
To truſt ſuch tales I ſhall be very ſorie,
[illegible] Heaven, go yee to Purgatorie.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

For augmentation of their yearly penſion
Wherein, for Clergie-men are Stewes allowed,
For weekly payment, conſtantly avowed.
They ſpare not only to exact a rent,
From perſons willing to live continent:
Allowing them their whoores (thus they inſiſt)
In Stewes: where they may have them, if they liſt:
For, Clergie-men they ſuffer not to marie;
Conſenting to a courſe that's quite contrary
To Gods law, charging his true Church withall,
There ſhould not be a whoore in Iſrael.
Put your Pope *Adrian*, for yearly fewes,
Did build in *Rome* (O *Rome*) a ſtately Stewes:
Behold his godleſſe, graceleſſe, goodleſſe cariage;
To build a borthel, diſanulling mariage;
Now, were I Lay, or Church-man, by my life,
I ſhould renounce your Stewes, and take a wife.
And laſt, your Popes, like all devouring dogs;
In *Rome* allowes the *Iewes* their Synagogues:
Wherein our Lord and Saviour Chriſt they curſe,
For yearly payment; to inlarge their purſe
And yet before a *Iew* become a Papiſt,
He'ill rather quite his God and turne an Atheiſt.
Now what Profeſſion will they not permit,
For profite in their *Sodome* for to ſit?
Except true Proteſtants, moſt Apoſtolick,
And pure Profeſſours, Chriſtian Catholick:

Such

Such they will never ſuffer in their citie,
They perſecute them all, and have no pity:
But ſtill purſue them both with ſword and fire,
Like mad men in their furie and their ire;
And like blood-thirſtie rageing Lyons roaring
After their prayes: like hungrie Wolves devouring
The blood of Saints, when they can apprehend them
I hope in God, he dayly ſhall defend them;
Againſt their Diveliſh deſperate intentions,
And their invective *Ieſuiſts* inventions:
And all their wicked wiles, and ſubtile ſhots,
Their moſt abominable powder plots.
See from their fountains what ſweet water ſprings?
To ſend out tongues to kill their Native Kings:
Both Prince and people, to deſtroy they care not,
Man, wife, and child to put to death they ſpare not.
Mark what a vile report Queen *Katherin* caries
For that mad Maſſacre ſhee made at *Paris*:
Should [illegible]

In [illegible] potent I put my truft:
(As in the [illegible]ted fathers we do read)
The [illegible]d of Saints fhall be the Churches feed.
[illegible] think your Profeffion true and pur
Had [illegible] of grace (Man) I am fure;
(Her[illegible]e fo many true relations,
How [illegible]ntaines fo groffe abominations)
Her d[illegible]ith doctrine foone fhe would befpot,
And [illegible]ionleffe, her courfes quickly quite,
For [illegible]we fee, retaines into her Treafure;
Pr[illegible]erjurie, profanitie, and pleafure;
Prieft[illegible]fts, [illegible]ons, prelats, priors punks:
Mafs[illegible]ons mumbling with th
monks.

Confeffions Cen[illegible]

[illegible]

n God Omnipotent
As in the sacred fait
blood of Saints
Though ye think
Had ye a spunke of
(Hearing me make s
How *Rome* maintaine
Her divelish doctrin
And, questionlesse, h
For *Rome*, ye see, re
Popes, perjurie, prof
Priests, papists, pard
Masse, matines,

Contentious Curats
That hellish hole o
Earth epicures, equi
Puft up with pamper
Terrestriall tempori
False, fained, faithles
Unhappie hypocrite
In beastly borthels, F
With shamelesse strun
Invyous Iesuists, in
Equivocation meur
The divell devilde
They e their Go
cousen

fter

e no pity:
ord and fire,
acit ire;
Lyons roaring
devouring
apprehend the
defend them;
inventions,
quions:
ubtile shots,
plots,
eet water springs
Native Kings:
roy they care not,
ith they spare not.
en *Katherin* caries,
d'ai *Paris*
aughter (mother
Mother?
down,
nce;
ght:

When this life ends; my Ghost shall go to glorie.
Locks on your presuppos'ed Purgatorie,
Infantum limbus, and your *limbus patrum*,
Wher' out none comes, but by the *preces fratrum*,
(Yee say) and Masses said for souls departed,
Whereby poor peyish p[illegible]es pelf is parted
Amongst your Clergie: making them believe
Their silly souls they quickly shall relieve
Out of that paine: and as for them that pay most,
Creeds, *aues*, *paters*, *masses* they pray, and say most.
To make their sayings sure, they cite the Scripture
But falsely formed with a ragged rupture:
Of which, if yee would surely have assent,
Read *Cartwright* against *Rhemes* New Testament.
The which to prove, how little they prevaile,
Read Doctour *Morions* Protestant Appeale,
Where yee shall finde this purpose well disputed,
And by them both right learnedly refuted.
It passeth papists power for to prove it,
The more I hear, the more I loath to love it.
Since, Sir *Iohn*, yee have no Scripture for it,
But meer alleadgences, I must abhorre it:
To trust such tales I shall be very sorie,
I go to Heaven, go yee to Purgatorie.

¶ In *Rome* likewise to hinder fornication,
Your Pope hath it a great abhomination;
They suffer it not there, without reprehension,

For [illegible] of their yearly pension
Wher[illegible]-men to Stewes was allowed,
For weekly payment, constantly avowed,
They [illegible] not only to exact a rent,
From [illegible] willing to live continent
Allow [illegible] their whoores (thus they instill)
In Stewes, where they may have them, if they will.
For Clergie-men they suffer [illegible] to maintain
Concubine, to a course [illegible] quite contrary
To Gods law, charging his true Church withall,
There should not be a whoore in Israell,
But your Pope *Adrian*, for yearly fewes,
Did build in *Rome* (O *Rome*) a stately Stewes:
Behold his goodnesse, graceleſſe, goodleſſe care,
To build a Bordel, disanulling mariage:
Now, were I Lay, or Church-man, by my life,
I should renounce your Stewes, and take a wife.
And left, your Popes, like all devouring dogs:
[illegible] allowes the Iewes their Synagogues:
[illegible] our Lord and Saviour Christ they curse,
For yearly payment, to inlarge their purse
Whether he [illegible] become a Papist,
[illegible] quite his God and turn an Atheist,
What Prelate will they not permit,
For pelfe in the [illegible] for to sit?
[illegible] Christ is Catholick: